

SKETCHES OF LOCAL DOGS

Pathetic Devotion of the Dog of Little Richie Alisch, a Dead Newboy.

A Skye Terrier's Experience in St. Louis—A St. Bernard Who Was Too Shrewd to Be Imposed Upon.

Several residents of the southeastern section of the city have within the past few days witnessed a very touching exhibition of faithfulness and affection on the part of a dog for its master. A few days ago little Richie Alisch, a twelve-year-old boy residing with his mother on Barth avenue, was run over and instantly killed by a Belt train near the Big Four crossing. Several years ago Richie undertook to earn a little money for himself outside of school hours and turned his attention to working up a newspaper route. As time advanced his promptness and pleasant manners were rewarded with increased patronage from persons in the neighborhood, all of whom knew him and admired his energy and industry, until at the time of his sudden death he had a large route. As a companion on his daily rounds he had a dog, which he loved dearly, and which evidently loved him even as much. The dog came to be as well known to little Richie's patrons as the boy himself.

Promptly, every evening, at the same hour, little Richie and his dog came around with the paper. Little Richie no longer makes his daily rounds, bringing to his friends and patrons the news of the day, but the ever faithful dog has not realized that his little master, who loved him, has departed for another world. Every evening, at the usual hour, the dog is seen trotting around the old route, and there seems to be a look of anxiety in his eyes as he trots about looking for his master. The dog seems to think that his little master must be somewhere on the route, and is puzzled to know why he cannot find him. Little Richie was accustomed to spending a few minutes with his father, who had separated from his mother, every evening after completing his rounds with his papers, and the dog would, during this time, lie at his feet and wait for him, and now, after traveling over the entire route, the dog goes to the house occupied by his little master's father, and waits as usual. When the father goes to make his appearance, the dog arises slowly, and with a look of almost human dejection on his face, trots off to the house of the mother, with whom he has lived, and waits there till the next evening, when he starts out again on the futile search for little Richie, the kind master.

Little Skye, an aristocratic terrier, very shaggy, but of gentle address withal, and much beloved by a family on North Tennessee street, has had an experience in the last two months that causes the poor little dog in the neighborhood to look through the iron fence upon him with great admiration. Skye has had an immense sum set upon his head, as the prices set upon the heads of lost dogs go, and this in itself almost gives him sufficient distinction to become the subject of a newspaper sketch, even if his wanderings while lost were not considered. Scarcely three months ago Skye apparently found delight in the readings from standard authors, when the family was gathered about the lamp at night, and he had even been known to let his eyes light up in lieu of tears at the recital of the Vicar of Wakefield's woes. But now, alas, so thorough was the pleasure rendered by the dog, that the months' absence that he becomes fretted when the absence of passages of Lucile are read; is strangely elated by the lit of Hilaria, and tries to leave the room when anything heavier in a literary way is attempted.

Skye went to Texas last winter with the family of his mistress, and perhaps it was quite well that he did, for his constitution is by no means as rugged as that of a bulldog, and it is to be presumed that the warm breezes had a salutary effect on his lungs, for he has improved very much on the drawing room bark which he proudly exercised a year ago. Returning to Indiana, he traveled with all the luxury a dog and an express car could afford. His "toilet" had been a comic paper about the dog that had wholly destroyed his identity by chewing up its tag, so they wisely concluded to put Skye's tag on the outside of the cage. When St. Louis was reached a bar of the cage became loose, and the little dog squeezed himself, scrambled a while and was soon enjoying unlimited freedom in the street. The express company's office was in a strange place, he knew, but seized with a desire to dissipate, as aristocratic dogs do dissipate, he scampered away in search of bonum tempus. There he was for two weeks and could be obtained by his whereabouts.

When his mistress reached this city and found her pet dog gone she was greatly distressed, so much so that she straightway returned to St. Louis to make a personal search for the terrier. The express company assisted her and offered a reward of \$5. Advertisements were inserted in every paper published in the city, but no dog resembling Skye was brought in response to the newspaper appeal. The reward was doubled, and after a while trebled, but without result. When the lady who was so fond of the dog came back home, a reward of \$50 was left hanging at police headquarters in St. Louis. Week after week passed and still no tidings from Skye. The newspapers of St. Louis, without great respect for personal affairs, wrote up the story of Skye and spoke of his mistress as a very wealthy woman, who became so attached to the dog because she had no children. This was not true, but it made the story more interesting according to the newspaper office traditions of lost dogs. Yet it is to be denied that Skye's mistress was exceedingly fond of him, and so were all the family for that matter.

Some one in Indianapolis suggested to the lady that she ask the aid of some of the spirit mediums in recovering her dog, and, partly out of curiosity, she experimented on this line. Two of the mediums told her that her dog was in the hands of two small boys, and they ventured other information that was surprising, as the caller had not told them the particulars of the loss of her dog. Another medium said she must double the reward again if she wanted to recover the missing Skye. The reward was doubled, and an even \$100 was offered for the return of the pet of the head of the house, accompanied by his young daughter, made a trip to the city in which Skye was lost shortly afterwards, and they found a list of twelve dogs, among which they might expect to find the wanderer. A carriage was hired and a personal visit made to ten of these dogs. Only two of the list answered the description of Skye in part, while the greater number were of various sorts and conditions: some aristocratic to the extent of cringing fresh meat, others plebeian, even to a contentment which ash-barrel bones afford. And the eleventh dog was Skye! Mind you, he had fallen from his high state, and the gloomy of being "sicked" on every-stable rats did not seem to rest heavily upon him at all. There was, of course, a common recognition among all the parties concerned, and after crisp bills to the value of \$100 had been paid over to the liverman the young lady grabbed the pet much after the fashion of a child taking a small hobby horse—and there the curtain drops. It cost over \$300 to recover Skye, but his mistress does not begrudge this amount, for the dog's elegant breeding and many graces of manner make him quite a companionable dog, and a good companion should certainly be worth \$300 to anyone who can afford to pay that much.

Skye's literary taste will have to be improved in some way, for the fascinating pastime of catching livery stable rats has filled him with a liking for sporting life. His mistress proposes to give him readings from Du Chaulain's tales, and then gradually wean him back to his fondness for the classics. By the way, the medium's story about the two little boys having Skye was true, for they had found him and carried him to the liverman.

"Noble animal! well I should say he was. That's the smartest dog I ever saw." These remarks were called forth by the admiration expressed by a citizen on the south side of the city, who was one of the citizens of the same locality. The dog in question was, indeed, a handsome looking animal. He was a monster in size, a long-haired St. Bernard, with the tan and white fur evenly distributed. The owner had purchased him when the dog was but a pup and never tired of telling of some of the things the dog had done. The profuse was he in his praise of the animal that the neighbors had come to admit that the dog was smarter than the master. The second citizen of the South Side evidently was not acquainted with the master of the dog, or he would never have been so rash as to express admiration for it. The fatal mistake had been made, however, and he was compelled to listen to a recital of a number of very smart things which the dog had done.

"We send him to the grocery all the time," said South-sider No. 1, "and it takes a man sharper than the average grocer to cheat the dog. You won't believe it, will you? I tell you, but you can no more work the change racket on that dog than you can obtain perpetual motion. A few days ago I sent him to the butcher's for some meat. I put a silver quarter in the basket and a note to the butcher asking him to send me 15 cents' worth of steak. When I started the dog to the butcher's I said, 'Handy! Handy! Bring me back 15 cents' worth of nice steak or I'll make you take it back.' The dog went to the meat market and waited his turn. When it came time to wait upon him, the butcher turned to a customer, who had come in later than he, and asked what he would have. 'That dog knew he was being imposed on, and don't you know he would not let the butcher wait upon the customer until after he had been served?' No, sir, he deliberately walked around behind the counter, and caught the meat carver by the hand, and led him to the door of the ice box, and would not let him leave till he had sent into the back and got the meat called for in the note. The butcher knew the dog very well, and just to get even he tried to put him on the change racket. Instead of putting the dog back into the basket he put in a silver five-cent piece. The dog refused to take it, however, and when the butcher insisted the dog turned and trotted out of the store. The butcher let him go, intending to send the meat to the house by his boy. Before the meat had been sent, however, the dog came back, but he was not alone. He was leading a policeman by the sleeve, and the butcher had a hard time to keep from being run in for working the change racket."



Objects to the Change Racket.

Frank is the very ordinary name of an extraordinary dog. He is owned by H. C. Pomeroy, the druggist, and although he is apparently very fond of his master, it only takes a little coaxing on the part of almost any person to get him to follow them away. In this manner he has probably been in more scrapes than any other dog in town, but, like a cat, he has always come back. Beside being the best natured and most agreeable dog on record he has a very fine strain of breeding in him, and in the bird sense is worth all the worry he causes the rest of the time. Frank is one of the character "tramp" dogs about town.

When the Mills Shut Down—A Protectionist Poem.

Oh, 'twas glorious last November when the victors marched away
With red fire, drums and banners in magnificent array
How their eyes with rapture sparkled, how each loyal heart grew warm
At the thought of power and Benny swamped by cyclones of reform;
And how double extra-jolly it would be to scotch and kill
Our W. McKinley and his blamed old robber bill;
But a different sort of feeling seems to permeate the town,
When the Mills Shut Down.

Oh, 'twas altogether lovely then to nag the G. O. P.
And furnish season tickets up Salt river, don't you see?
Slashing up official pudding, sure such happiness must bring.
While Maxey gives his hatches just a little extra swing.
But hold! here comes another sort of music in that tinkle of empty stomachs and of pockets plucked and bare!
Wherein these protection killers now, these spoilers of renewal
Where, oh, where these great reformers
When the Mills Shut Down!

Let the great and noble Grover, what a valiant knight was he,
To hunt his No. 11 squarely on "plutocracy."
And Alida the fearless of the word and awful name,
How his stirring deeds should echo on the trumpet of our fame!
How they'd turn the country over and then turn it back again,
And lead all the rascals from among the haunts of men!
'Tis a glorious prospect, truly, for many a thriving smoking car,
When the Mills Shut Down.

—Ware River News.

A San Francisco Audience.

George Muller, in Donkey's Magazine.

San Francisco's public is peculiar. It does not care what London, Paris or New York thinks. It has its own mind. It is a great first-class city. It turns out on mass for a premiere. No matter what the artist's reputation may be throughout the world, the actor or musician must begin all over in San Francisco. A cordial reception is given the artist on his entrance. The audience leans back in its chairs, and says, "Now show us what you can do." In ten minutes an artist knows whether or not he is to be a success on the Pacific coast. Success goes like an electric current through the audience, if it goes at all. If not, the audience remains quiet, and shuts off the batteries. There is absolutely no recovery from a first-night failure in San Francisco. The public is not merciful. It is indifferent. If an artist is a success in San Francisco, it is a great success, and there is magic in a San Francisco audience. There is no other comparable to it. It seems to anticipate the artist's point. It uplifts him and makes him do his best. In a word, a San Francisco audience is irresistible. All through California one finds the same kind of public as in San Francisco.

Woman's Era.

Lovely woman has had a great time in about this year, what with congresses and story told by one down-trodden and defenseless man, she is sometimes inclined to presume upon her superiority. "I was in the convent, when a woman came in and looked around in utter disgust and contempt. She grabbed my clear out of my teeth and said, 'Good night, my dear.' I don't care, said she, 'there are no seats in the convent, and I'm not going to be compelled to breathe the stinky air. A good night, I've got as good a right here as anybody.' She was tall, bony and yellow," and she was going to Chicago to lecture, so that she had her but on the map, and it is safe to say the place has neither a school nor a church.

Would Lose Bath Bets.

Secretary Hoke Smith need not be greatly worried because he was burned in silly in Rome, O., the other day. Rome, O., is not on the map, and it is safe to say the place has neither a school nor a church.

The New York Store.

(Established 1853.)

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FOURTEENTH DAY OF The Great "Annex" Sale

The Annex Sale sails merrily along through a sea of success. Every day marks a great merchandise movement. Every day brings us nearer and nearer to the new building—leaves us less and less of stock to move and soil with handling. We're losing money on a great many things, but moving means losing anyway.

Here are some advance notes from our log book for Monday. Remember "the New York Store way." Everything in the store exactly like it is in the paper, in letter and spirit—nothing exaggerated, nothing misstated.

Silks, West Aisle.

There is enough of this beautiful iridescent Surah Silk to make about twelve dresses. There are seven different colors, and every one a beauty. We shall sell all of these goods on Monday at 59c a yard; they would be excellent value at \$1.

Printed Indias at 25c, mostly in stylish dark shades.

Striped Surahs reduced from 75c to 39c.

Fancy Taffeta Silk, worth \$1, goes at 69c.

Bellon Black Gros Grain Silk at 69c, worth 85c.

Beautiful Black Satin Duchess at \$1.

Black Satin Rhadame at 69c.

Black Satin Rhadame at 98c, worth \$1.25.

Peau de Soie at \$1, worth \$1.25.

A special lot of fancy striped Surahs, 24 inches wide, worth \$1.25, at 79c.

25 pieces fancy Plaid Surahs, 24 inches wide, stylish colorings, especially desirable for waists, at 79c, regular value \$1.25.

A small lot of Black China Silk will go at 42c a yard.

Standard 7c prints at 5c a yard.

Odds and ends, from 10 yards up, in Lace and Satin Striped Lawns, Shantongs and Dotted Muslins, reduced from 12c, 20c, 25c and 35c to 6c a yard.

20c Chevrons at 6c.

20c fine quality Satens, beautiful colors and designs, at 6c.

12c and 15c Shantongs and Cantons, light grounds, at 8c.

50c fine imported Scotch Zephyrs at 15c a yard.

25c Penang Suitings at 15c a yard.

25c Striped Duck at 15c a yard.

When a man grows up into a trade or profession—inherits it from his father and grandfather—it goes without saying that he knows all there is to know about it. That's the way our linen man knows it. That fact has much to do with the goodness of our linen stock. Right buying is over half way toward right selling. We have, we think, such a lot of fine linens as was never before shown in Indiana. There's

not a woman in a thousand could look at these towels, for instance, without fracturing the Tenth Commandment.

22x50 inches, hemstitched double Damask Towels, in beautiful patterns and assorted styles of open work at 50c each; value 85c.

22x50 inches double Damask, hemstitched with open work, and another style in beautiful designs with elaborate open work with knotted fringe, price 65c; value \$1.

20x53 Damask Towels, Mommie effect, plain white with special spaces in the patterns for embroidering of initials. The designs are very handsome and the embroidery is not necessary unless you want to do it. The price is 50c.

Black Goods, West Aisle.

Just two pieces of Priestley's Silk-warp Henrietta, the quality that is always sold at \$2.25 a yard, on Monday \$1.75.

A splendid 48-inch wide Hindoo Twill Serge, always \$1.50, for \$1.

50-inch wide Herringbone Cloth, good value for \$1, at 69c.

40-inch wide French Silk-warp Henrietta, \$1 quality, for 89c.

46-inch French Serges, 69c.

Jacquard Bengalines, shot effects 89c, worth \$1.25.

All-wool striped and fancy Cheviots at 69c, reduced from \$1.

All-wool Challies 29c, worth 50c.

Navy Blue and Green Storm Serges at 39c; regular value 50c.

Ever useful and stylish Storm Serges from the 39c price up to \$2 a yard.

Flannels, East Aisle.

Regular \$1 Embroidered Flannel, buttonhole stitch, at 75c.

\$1.39 Bedspreads, full size, Marseilles pattern, at 99c.

Shoes, Rear Main.

Another 100 pairs Dongola Oxford, solidly made throughout, warranted not to rip, a shoe that others sell for \$1.50, and a shoe that has \$1.50 worth of wear in it, on Monday is 98c.

100 pairs Women's Tan Oxford, hand-sewed, stylish and good, value \$1.25, Monday's price, 89c.

100 pairs fine Dongola Oxford, all sizes and widths,

patent leather tip, a good \$2 value, Monday's price, \$1.25.

Tan and Black Canvas Tennis Shoes, all sizes, for all ages, worth \$1 and \$1.25, Monday's price, 59c.

Suit Department, Second Floor.

We have about 50 Ladies' Jersey House Waists, regular price, \$2.50 and \$3.50; they go on Monday at 50c each.

10 dozen Madras and Cheviot Waists at 45c; regular price was 79c.

All our \$8.50, \$7.50 and \$5 Silk Waists go at \$3.89.

Choice of 9 dozen White Waists at 62c; reg. price \$1.

15 Blue and Black Blazer Suits at \$1.19; former price, \$3.25.

Another lot of White Waists, slightly soiled, at \$1.69; value, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

High-crown Rough and Ready Sailors, 25c.

Fine Fur Felt Tourist's Hats at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Fine Felt Tourist Hats at 85c, worth \$1.25.

An even hundred of genuine Etchings in white enamel and gilt frames, 20x30 inches, at 98c each. They are really handsome and show off a much better picture than they really are. Ordinarily you would pay us \$1.50 for them—most picture stores would get \$2.50 and get it easily.

Upholstery, Third Floor.

100 pairs genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains, regular price \$1.50, Monday's price 89c.

100 pairs genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains, Duchesse point effect; of these one curtain is enough for a window, regular price \$2.50, Monday's price \$1.49.

50 pairs handsome imitation Brussels Point Lace Curtains, beautiful in quality and pattern, a regular \$4 curtain at \$2.19 a pair on Monday.

500 fine Opaque Window Shades, 7 feet long, 38 inches wide, with the best "Stewart Hartshorn" spring roller, complete for 39c, regular price 60c.

500 same shade, with 3½-inch Linen Fringe at 62c, regular price 85c.

500 "Hit and Miss" Pattern Chenille Table Covers, yard and a half square, 6-inch Chenille Fringe. Just the thing for a dining table. Reg. value \$1.85. Monday's price 79c. Only one to a customer.

Furniture, Fourth Floor.

100 Upholstered Rockers, solid oak frames, highly finished, high back, spring seats, covered with silk tapestry and silk plush, just such a chair as we usually get \$5.50 for, go at \$3.

50 of the same chair, only bigger and with arms, will go at \$4.25; usual price, \$6.75.

Muslin, East Aisle.

Good 4-quarter Brown Cotton, 25 yards for \$1.

Extra good 4-quarter Brown Muslin, 20 yards for \$1.

Full-size bleached Sheets for 59c each, ready for use.

Ready-made Pillow Cases for 11c each.

A bargain in 4-quarter Bleached Cotton, 20 yards for \$1.

Another Bargain, 12½ yards fine Bleached Muslin for \$1, regular 11c value.

Basement.

Blown Tumblers, 37c a doz.

½-pint Jelly Glasses, 28c a doz.

½-pint Jelly Glasses, 25c a doz.

1-pint Mason's Fruit Jars, 49c a doz.

1-quart Mason's Fruit Jars, 59c a doz.

2-gallon Mason's Fruit Jars, 69c a doz.

Refrigerators and Ice-cream Freezers at less than cost.

112-piece Dinner Sets, \$7; regular price, \$12.

Gold-band decorated Dinner Set, \$10; regular price, \$15.

Largest size Willow Clothes Basket, 98c; a great bargain.

A beautiful little Night Lamp for 15c; just like finding it.

Japanese Straw Porch Seats, 5c, regularly 10c.

Rogers Brothers' Knives and Forks, \$3 per dozen pieces.

Any Japanese Jardiniere in our stock at half price.

A full size 2-hoop Wood Pail, 5c; only one to each customer.

4-sewed full corn Parlor Brooms, 18c; worth 30c.

Self-wringing Mops, 23c.

No. 8 copper bottom Wash Boiler, 72c; regular price, \$1.10.

8-gallon Galvanized Iron Garbage Pail, 79c.

10-gallon Galvanized Garbage Pail, 89c.

12-gallon Galvanized Garbage Pail, \$1.

Good Wisp Broom, 5c.

10-inch Scrub Brush, 5c.

1-gallon can White Paint, 90c.

½-gallon can White Paint, 50c.

½-gallon can Colored Paint, 60c.

2-quart can Colored Paint, 27c.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

AIR AS A MEDICINE.

Proper Breathing Movements a Preventive of Consumption.

Dr. Thomas J. May, in the August Century.

I think it is evident that proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well-regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the incipient stages of pulmonary consumption. The more simple the method, the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose, the following movements are very valuable. The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration, and the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring, and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration, and held until the arms are gradually moved forward, or downward, or longer, in order to make the methods fully operative.

Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and, during expiration, in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest capacity can count up to sixty or eighty, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is sometimes reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or,

again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work, or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.

The breathing of compressed and rarefied air is attracting wide attention at the present time in connection with the prevention and treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is another mode whereby the chest capacity can be decidedly improved. When air is breathed in this manner, there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distention of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experienced.

Consumption is not a disease which originates in a day, but is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits, and its pernicious prevalence is more widespread than is generally supposed.

Progress of Electricity.

Engineering Magazine.

A gentleman from Brookline, Mass., has frequently appeared on the streets of that aristocratic suburb, mounted upon an electric carriage of unfamiliar and possibly terrifying aspect; but an irate citizen, whose favorite horse objects to the appearance of the new competitor, has filed a petition with the municipal authorities for its suppression. There was a great deal of fun at the hearing, but the irate upholder will be that the "electrical tortoise," as somebody called it, will be allowed the freedom of the town. The modern horse might as well make up his alleged mind first as last to accustom himself to a great many strange and uncanny sights. It begins to look, by the way, as if he might ultimately become a strange and unfamiliar sight himself.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF PRAYER.

A Theory Advanced that the Privilege Is Not Exercised Scientifically.

Edward S. Martin, in North American Review.

Considering how long prayer has been in use in the world and how much human energy it has engendered, it seems a remarkable thing that there should continue to be such uncertainty about its effects. When a boy throws a ball over a wall, he cannot tell precisely where it is going to land, but he is sure it went over and that it will hit something. When a doctor gives medicine he cannot be certain of its effect until the patient has shown it, and he cannot always be sure then; nevertheless, he knows the medicine was an actual force and that it did something, though other forces may have neutralized its action. But when a man of average sentimentality prays he is not sure whether or not anything has gone out from him which has had any effect outside of his own range of perception. He is sure that his own mind has worked in a certain manner. If other persons have heard him pray he may be convinced that his uttered sentiments have affected their minds, but beyond that everything is foggy and uncertain. That is an unsatisfactory state of things, with which prayerful persons ought not to be satisfied. If prayer is worth using at all, and great numbers of intelligent people are convinced that it is, it is

worth using with the utmost intelligence and the highest attainable skill. The kind of prayer in which the petitioner asks for everything he can think of, in the hope that some of his supplications may reach the mark, is as much out of date as those deers affected by doctors of the last generation, in which a lot of drugs were sent for their combined effect, but in the hope that the right one might be among them, and might find its way to the right spot in the patient. Perhaps clumsy doctors do that way still. Not so the masters of medicine. They diagnose make plain to them what they want to do, then if they use a drug at all, it is sent to accomplish that particular purpose. So in this enlightened generation, the prayers of the great prayer masters should be rifle shots sent by an understood force at an accustomed mark. Whether they hit or miss should depend upon comprehensible conditions.